THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo.
Advertising Bureau (10 Sprine St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in New York. RAILROAD TIME-TABLE. TRAINS LEAVE MIDDLEBURY.

LEAVE VERGENNEP

LEAVE LEICESTER JUNCTION.

ADDISON BAILBOAD Mixed train leaves Ti at 5:20 A. M.; arriving at Leicester Junction at 8:20 A. M. Mixed train leaves Leicester Junction at 7:25 P. M. at arriving at Ti 8:50 P. M.

POST-OFFICE NOTICE.

From Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwal wait and Bridport.

Way mail from north 12 a yew York, Rutland and Albany 7.38 Yay mail from south.

MIDDLEBURY.

Biaptist—Meeting in the Court House, Rev. C.
Hinbard, pastor. Sabbath services at 10:45 a.m.
and 7 p. m.; Sunday school at 12 p. m. Prayer
meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.
Congregational—Corner Pleasant and Main sts.
Rev. E. P. Hocker, pastor. Sunday services at
19:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Thursday evening
prayer meeting at 7:00.
Methodist—North Pleasant-st. Rev. M. B. Mead,
pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and
7:00. Class meeting on Friday evening at 7:30.
Kpiscopal—St. Stephen's Church—Main-st. Rev.
Win. J. Tilley, rector. Sunday school at 12
A.M., Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M.
Roman Catholic—Weybridge-st. Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor. Sunday services, alternate Sabbaths; High Mass at 10:00 A.M.; Vespers and
benediction at 6:30 P.M.
EAST MIDDLEBURY.

At 2:00 P 3

VERGENES.

Baptist—Rev. David F. Estes, pastor. Sunday sorvices at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Methodist—Rev. M. A. Wicker, pastor. Sunday ervices at 1:00 and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Episcopat—St. Pint's Charch—Rev. F. S. Fisher, ector. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Firlay evening at 7:00.

Mission Chapt—Dr. H. A. Ingham. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

Bondan Cutholic—Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor. ervices, alternate Sabbaths; High Mass at 10:00 A.M.; Vespers and benediction at 6:00 P.M. Congregationai—Rev. George E. Hall, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00. RIPTON.

Congregational-Rev. J. A. Devine, pastor Sunday services at 11, A. M., and 15, P. M. Laureday evening prayer-meeting at 100 P. M Bristol Directory.

CHURCHES.

Baptist—Rev. W. D. Hail, apstor. Sunday services at 10:45 A. M. and 7:00 F. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting the first people of the property of the property of the people of the peop

MAILS ARRIVE. MAILS ARRIVE.

From New Haven, the North, New York, Boston, and the West through Burlington, 1:39. P. M.
From New Haven, the South, New York, Boston, and the West 5:300 P. M.
From Richmond, Huntington, Huntington Cener, and Sarksboro, 4:40 P. M. Mondays Wednesays and Fridays, at 4:30 p. m.
From Lincoln, 6 P. M.
From South Starksboro, three times a week irregulariv

From New Haven Mills, three times a week ir For New Haven, Boston, New York, and the For New Haven, Boston, New York, and the South, 10 26 A. M.
For New Haven, the North, Boston, New York, the Hews Haven, the North, Boston, New York, For Richmond, Starksboro, Huntington and Huntington Center, 730 Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, at 7:39 a. m.
For South Starksboro, three times a Week irreg-

FREDERICK LANDON, P. M.

(LEN HOUSE.—East Middlebury, Vermor WILL ALLES Manager

A MOS H. CARPENTER.
Attorney and Counsellor at law, Middlebury
Vt. Office in Allen's Block. 29-1y

JAMES M. SLADE, Attorney and Counsel-lor at Law, and Solicitor and Master in honocery. Office in Brewster's Block. Middlebury, Vt., April 2, 1877.

VAN NESS HOUSE.
Burlington, Vt.
D. C. BARBER and O. B. FERGUSON, Proprietors. Free Carriage to Depot.

STEVENS HOUSE.
S. S. GAINES, Proprietor. Carriage to and from depot. Good Livery connected with the flouse.

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American and Foreign Marble, Granite Work, &c.
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A. V. BROWN, Photographer.

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ADVICE GRATIS.







Farming for Profit

LIFE-INVICORATING

SARSAPARILLA.

ney Remedy and

Mild Laxative.

W bett's Shakers Sarsaparilla Syrup in our eractice, and having examined the formula by which it is prepared, would cheerfully recom-

and most effications of all the preparations of Sarsaparilla in the market. Its highly concentra

ted state, (there being in a given amount of syrup twice the amount of Vegetable Extract that any

other contains, libecare, skill, and cleanliness of its manufacture, are sure guarantees of its purity and effect. T. R. Crosby, M. D., D. Buck, M. D., &

Bunton, M. D., J. S. Elliot, M. D., James Babb, M. D., Z. Colburn, M. D., M. G. J. Tewkbury, M. D.,

A G. French M. D. Josiah Crosby, M. D., A. G. Gale, M. D., James A. Gregg, M. D.

Those who have failed to be benefitted by othe sarsaparillas should not full to make a single rial of this blood purifying and life invigorating sompound of shaker sarsaparilla, dendelinon reliow dock, mandrake, black cohosh, garget undan hemp, and the berries of juniper and the combined with lodde of Potassium made.

MALT AND ROPS

V.VE BESTER BUT

REMEDIES

- Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

ward Liver Cure.

WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS.

It is the best Blood Purifler, and atimulates overy function to more beatinful action, and is thus a benefit in all diseases.

It cures Serofulous and other Skin Erupelona and Diseases, neitiding Cancers. Uncers, and other Sores.

Byaccasia, Weakness of the Stomach, Consignation, Disziness, General Behlit, sic., are cured by the Safe Bitters. It is justiced, and at our control of the Stomach, Bolties of two sizes; prices, Soc. and 81.00.

ther taken in small or large doses, tiles of two sizes; prices, 50e. and \$1.0 WARNER'S SAFE PILLS

E, the undersigned, having used Dr. Corp

Middleburn Register.

VOL. XLV.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., NOVEMBER 26, 1880.

STORE

TIN-SHOP

AND

In Swiney's Block,

Job work

Ione promptly, in the best manner by EXPER-IENCED WORKMEN. 6

Give us a Call



We are now ready and invite the attention

Paper Hangings OR WALL PAPER

IN VERMONT.

Window Shades and Fixtures.

Special Inducements to Customers from a distance.

Van Doorn & Tilson.



MERCHANTS' ROW, RUTLAND, VT

THE OLD ORIGINAL

Charley Earl

IS BACK IN BUSINESS IN

MIDDLEBURY.

IN THE FIRM OF

ZARL & BARNUM.

Hardware Sore

THEY HAVE OPENED A COMPLETE HARD

TIN-SHOP

WARE, STOVES, CARRIAGE AND BUILDERS' HARDWARE, HORSE

SHOES AND NAILS, TABLE AND

OF EVERY KIND. AND ALL THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

Sole Agents in AddisonCounty

ALL GOODS SOLD STRICTLY FOR

Remember the place, Dyer's Block, south end of bridge.

Earl & Barnum

In the Orchard.

Mellow less the sunshine on the orchard slopes nooks of purple naters and the tints of

The soft warm naze is ten or with a palpitutvalley fills.

Colors like a prairie in the glory of its blossoms

And in their cory places on the boughs, with tempting faces,

scarlet blushes,

How they fall from their own fatness on the crisp automnal eves.

apples, fragrant apples, piled high beside

lavish gifts as these?

every tree a throne-

To these provinces of sweetness which, by right of love, ve own?

But youth sees no dark omen as the mellow children keep your gladness; have no more of sadness

The story is told, in San Jose, that one evening in August, some three years ago, a stranger made his appearance in that city, and shortly thereafter created a breeze in society circles. He had wandered amilessly about the streets for two or three days, speaking to no one, caring for nothing. He was a young man, and might have been considered unusually handsome if his clothes had been good; but they were old, and faded, and threadbare. These could be no mistaking the fact that he was an adventurer, who had succeeded in finding only disappointment and poverty. He was tall and straight, and had a d'stinguished look.

was tall and straight, and had a distinguished look.

On the evening of about the third day he was accosted on San Fernando street by a man exceedingly drunk. This man was called "Tarantula Joe," but some of the boys persisted in addressing him as "Tarantula Juice"—not a very inappropriate appellation, but one which was indignantly resented by Joe, who was a fighter from Tuolumne, and who boasted, among his numerous other exploits, that in early days he had frequently rolled a barrel of whisky fifty miles a day, and taken a drink every time the bung turned up.

"Hello, stranger!" he said to the seedy young man. Joe was everybody's friend, but had a strange way of showing his friendship when he was drunk "What yer prowin' round here in that hang-dog style for, a-skeerin' people?"

"It's none of your business," replied the meek-looking stranger.

Joe was not the man to brook such an insuit. The stranger attempted to ness

Are an immediate and active atimulus for a forpid Liver, and once Cestivence, bysicpais, filtering, he added.
So they immediately became fast friends. Then they became very communicative. The stranger told how he had such a run of bad luck that the world seemed dreary, and there was nothing to live for. Joe spoke words of encouraging consolation; and as a last and purely conventional expedient.

have been prevent HOP NEVER

GAUVIN'S

These stoves combine many new and excellent features, and are acknowledged to be the best stoves made. Besides being the best, they are also the cheapest. No one should fail to call in and see the Silvar Sheen, The Paris Range, and the PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO,

STYLE'S GALLERY.

Middlebury Vermont

many dyes.

ng the leavesthey glow like royal roses, where the

The Great Blood Purifier, Kid-

And heaped in wain and basket 'neath tho broad-branched, mossy trees, Can we fairly call him sober—the splendid,

Posting out his awasts and beauty in such

Children frolicking and teasting on the ripeness to the core Monarchs of the orchard kingdom, with

wood-paths, or the dais

may the aged pender life's decays and

while, romping in the orchards, you are

A STRUGGLF WITH FATE.

"It's none of your business," replied the meek-looking stranger.

Joe was not the man to brook such an insuit. The stranger attempted to pass on, but Joe stopped him.

"See here, young feller, do yer know that yer a-tacklin' the wust man in this town? An' I'm on the fight bigger'n a wolf. Yer mis'rable fraud, I'll.—"

But he never did. He thought a brick had struck him, but it was only the stranger's fist that had laid him out on the sidewalk. If there was one thing that Joe respected above all others, it was the man who knocked him down. As he scrambled laboriously to his feet, his breath considerably shortened, he tound himself face to face with the stranger, who had done the square thing, in Joe's opinion, by not following up his advantage while Joe was down, but who nevertheless assumed a posure so aggressive that Joe became aware of gloomy possibilities. So he began to temporize.

"Can't yer take a joke?" he said, holding out his hand, which the stranger grapped. Joe eyed him in absorbed admiration.

"Who'd 'a' thought," he said, "thet a alim spider like yot—beggin' yer pardon fer callin' yer a spider, which yer ain't a spider—could 'a' let out so everong?" And with his left hand he ie't the stranger's right arm, gauging the muscle. "Quicker'n a grizzly, too," he added.

So they immediately became fast

encouraging consolation; and as a last and purely conventional expedient, urged the stranger to marry some rich girl and settle down. Joe explained how easily it could be done. His friend had brains, good manners, nerve and good looks—all the necessary requisites for doing "the correct thing." The stranger was modest en that score, but Joe coung to the proposition, saying that a man with such a style could marry any girl in Christendom. All that was necessarywas unlimited check and a well arranged plan. They parted ate.

conversing with a man of your—your—appearance?"

"Madam, if my face is crimson at that remark, it is merely evidence of a weakness that I sm unable to conquer—call it pride, if you please. I regret that my poverty obtrudes itself, obscuring sverything else."

A look of pity appeared in the girl's eyes, and, although she evinced in her attitude of impatience a strong desire to be left alone, her original feelings of fear and repugnance gradually melted under the firm, deliberate, polished, gentlemsuly bearing of the man. The stranger exhibited a kindly, patient dignity that would have made a California girl, with

summarily.
"That is true, sir," she said, "I have no doubt. But that is no reason that I shouldn't put an end to this interview by saying, once for all, I decline your

by saying, once for all, I decline your escort."

Her tongue uttered these words. Her eyes said: "I dare you to try me a little further." He heard the words, but saw the look. She feit the superiority of this man's will. She turned to leave, scornfully. He promptly stepped to her side. Of course she was greatly angered at this persistent impertinence, and, turning upon him with fisshing eyes, she said: "I thought I had said enough, sir, to put e gentleman on his honor. You place me in false position. Your impertinence is extremely distasteful to me. Please leave me."

So said her tongue. Her eyes said: "You haven't got the nerve to go sny further." He said (as by this time they were walking slowly along):

"You misconstrue me entirely. Let me explain my motives, that you may understand my apparent rudeness. I am a stranger; I have no friends here. I have been unfortunate. There was such a kind, womanly, sympathetic expression in your face—please don't turn away. Thank you. Apart from the consideration that you should have an escrat over the Guadalupe bridge—"

"You know where I live, then, it seems?"

"Certainly; and your name also."

"And you are a stranger here?"

"Absolutely."

There was such a delicate little compliment concealed in this that she was flattered.

"I was saying," he continued, "that,

traction of the muscles, a gurgle, and all was quiet.

The girl heard the blow, and saw her defender stretched at her feet. She was instantly rendered powerless and speechless by a sickening terror. Immediately a powerful and brutal hand closed upon her throat, stopping her breath. Other shadows emerged from the darkness, a dozen strong hands seized her, and before she had time to offer a resistance that "Will am let me know to morrow?"

"I was saying." he continued, "that, apart from that necessary consideration. I did not think it would be wrong, or that I was lacking in respect, to speak to you, to be a few moments with you, and then leave you forever. I put it to you, as a reasonable, sensible woman, whether or not I appear to do anything in violation of a man's proper regard for things that should be handled tenderly and secredly. I am separated from every face and scene that has heretofore made life pleasant. I am a stranger in a strange country, and it is with shame I admit that the appearance I make precludes my entry into society congenial to my tastes. I am lonely and desolate, hungering for a kindly look, and it is only desperation on that account that forces me to approach you. And then, your face reminds me so strikingly of my mother's that I could not resist the desire to hear your voice also."

The fellow was a born diplomat. The girl was about eighteen or twenty years of age. Of course she was handsome, and had a sweet face. The young man had the bearing of a polished, though unfortunate, gentleman; proud, but with a pride tinctured with sorrow and loneliness; calm, slow, erect and possessed of that ability to look steadily and undauntedly into the eyes of a woman—that has more weight as expressing power and superiority than all other things combined. The girl was touched with pity and spurred by a desire for an adventure.

"I really don't know what to do," she

adventure.
"I really don't know what to do," she said.
"I don't believe," replied the stranger,
"that a woman with as much strength
and character as I see in your face would
naturally lay much stress on conventionalities as would those of shallower
feeling."

feeling."

During this time they had advanced a few steps. The girl looked at the ground, confused. The man at her side was evidently a gentleman. He was in distress, was reminded by her of his mother, had no friends—perhaps was in want. Poor fellow! But what would her friends think of such an escapade? Nevertheless, after hesitating a moment, she added. mitted that she had been conquered, by

less, after hesitating a moment, she admitted that she had been conquered, by saying:

"I'll grant your strange request, sir, though I'm afraid I'm doing wrong."

It is somewhat singular that, at that particular moment, it did not occur to me that the street cars passed over the terrible Guadalupe bridge. Furthermore, nobody was ever known to require an escort over it. After introducing themselves, she commenced to tell him about her fear in crossing the bridge alone at night; and he said yes, he had heard that it was considered a dangerous place. They were both terrible liars.

His name was Hardy; hers, Sophronia. Her tather's name was Morris. He was a rich, kind-hearted gentleman, who had a mansion on the Alameda.

As the two passed the postoffice coruer, a pair of bleared eyes winked quietly, the knife, and the robbers sprang away to escape the cruel steel.

But soon a strong blow with the clenched hand upon his arm caused his weapon to drop from his grasp. The two men closed, and a determined struggle ensued for the possession of the knife. The others darted to selse it, when a kick in the face from Hardy's boot stretched one of them full length upon the bridge.

The contest on both sides was desperate. It was no longer robbery, but murder. The girl attempted to render ber brave companion some assistance, but she was brutally thrust against the railing.

By a dexterous kick Hardy succeeded

"Jump into my buggy, and I'll take you to him."

She did so. They found him in a small, dilapidated adobe house on Market street, with a Spanish family. He was delirious, and in a high fever. The girl sat down by the bed, took his hot hand in hers, and before the old doctor knew what was coming next, she compensed to cry. Then she kissed Hardy's limid.

The old may took took home and she

ing.

By a dexterous kick Hardy succeeded in sending the knife flying off the bridge; and immediately thereafter, having pushed his assailant against the outer railing, suddenly picked him up and thrust him headlong into the mud beneath. It was a fail of fifteen or twenty feet.

feet.

The remaining robbers, evidently discouraged at the determination and immense strength of Hardy, and disgusted with an enterprise that had already cost them so d.ar, were easily put to flight by a knife that Hardy whipped from his pocket.

pocket.

He was master of the field. A dead He was master of the heid. A dead body remained.

He quickly removed the gag from the mouth of the almost fainting girl. He restored to her what jewel'y the robbers had dropped. The blood covered his

that a man with such a style could marry sny girl in Christendom. All that was necessarywas unlimited check and a well arranged plan. They parted ate.

"Sir!"

"I requested merely—"

"Who are you?" How dare you?' I am simply a scatteman I—"

"But you have made a mistake. I don't know you."

They were standing on Santa Clara street. She spoke in rather a loud tone, and the stranger betrayed a little nervousness and dread that the passers-by might interfere.

"I have not intimated." he said, "that I am so fortunate as to be known by you. It was the very desire to know you that impelied me—"

"I don't understand you, sir. Pill call an officer unless you leave me instantly!"

"Such language humilistes me exceedingly, madam. Accept my humblest apologies for having caused you any uncasiness or fright. The street is thronged, and any one would protect you against an indignity-set my hands. I beg you to waitjust a moment, that I may explain myself."

"But to be seen standing in the street conversing with a man of your—your—appearance!"

"Madam, if my face is crimson at that remark, it is merely evidence of a

you!"
"They were friends of mine, dear."
"John!" she exclaimed, stunned.
"Absolutely true. Old Tarantula
Joe and I put up the job, ac that I could
clean 'em out, become a hero, and then
marry you."
"She street at him astenished shocked

She stared at him, astonished, shocked

marry vou."

She stared at him, astonished, shocked and incredulous.

"John!"

"It's a fact," he said, laughing, as he saw her anger rising.

She was utterly stupefied. Then a quick light came into her eyes. She knew he was joking.

"You are fooling me, John. You know that horrid club nearly killed you."

"It was made of paper," he explained, still laughing.

A gloom again stole into her face, but it was immediately dispelled by another recollection.

"But your face was really bloody."

"Joe got that for me at the slaughter-house."

She was thoroughly puzzled, not knowing what to think.

"But, John, those were real hurts on your head and face. I saw them myself. There, now!"

"Yes; and can't you imagine how I received them?"

She thought she had cornered his, but the look of conddence in his see disheartened her.

"Well, how, then?" she asked, petulant and despairing.

"You remember the fellow I pitched into the mud?"

"Yes—well. what?"

"Has she any money?" demanded a "I can't find any."
"Take those rine "Take those rings off her fingers. How she struggles! Isn't that a watch? Snail on to it. Pall out those earrings—quick!"

"I can't—don't know how they are "Tear 'em out, then-you; and hurry "Tear 'em out, then—you; and hurry up!"

At the moment when the robber grasped the earring to pu.l it rudely through the tender fleah, a heavy cluo descended crashing upon his shoulder. Hardy was awake. He had seized the club, which had dropped upon the bridge, and was wielding it with a merciless desperation that only the protection of so precious a charge could have inspired. The robbers turned upon him—five in number.

Quick as a cat, and before they could recover from the susprise of an attack by a man who, to all appearances, had been killed, he felled another with a heavy blow upon the head. The remaining four rushed upon him before he had time to raise the bludgeon again, overpowered him, and bore him down. The club was wrenshed from his grasp after a desperate struggle, and laid with deadening blows and with terrible effect upon his face and breast.

One of the ruffians drew a knife to plunge it into Hardy's breast, but the young man struck it from his hand, seized it, and drove it into the throat of the nearest robber. This man fell with a gurgling noise, strangling with blood. Hardy struck about him wildly with and a couple of fips grinned sardonically. They belonged to Tarantula Joe.

What did you tell me for, you-

The Village Hotel Verauda.

The Village Hotel Verauda.

After supper we march into the office in Indian file, arm ourselves with poplar toothpicks, and then all march out and take seats on the hotel veranda and hold a convention. If you have never taken part in one of these gatherings on the veranda of a village hotel you have missed a good thing. The audience includes every phase of human nature.

The discussion usually opens between the village blacksmith and a farmer, and it starts on the weather.

The blacksmith asserts that we have had too much rain. The farmer can't agree. The undertaker, who used to farm it, then joins in with the remark that he has seen seasons when we didn't have as much. This calls out the shoemaker, who can remember one year As soon as the couple got under the shadow of the wail of Notre Dame, Hardy placed Sophronia's arm within his own. She did not object. He entertained her marvelously well. His knowledge of the world was extensive, and his education good. She began to think he was an angel in disguise.

At the east end of the bridge there stood a bill board. When the two passed this, and were well on the bridge, a shadowy form, scarcely perceptible in the darkness, emerged from behind this board and crept noiselessiy after them. This sneaking person carried a club in his hand. Stepping rapidly behind Hardy, he raised his deadly weapon and brought it down with a heavy blow on the young man's head. There was a dull, crashing thud, and Hardy sank with a groan. There was a slight contraction of the muscles, a gurgle, and all was quiet.

she had time to offer a resistance that
"Will you let me know to-morrow?"
"I don't know."
"Please do."
"Perhaps. Here is a street-car.
Good night."
Then she did a very foolish thing.
She threw her arms around his neck,
and kissed him. He left, doubly a con-

There was tremendous excitement over the affair. The police were in formed as soon as the girl's father could hear the terrible story and reach the police station. The officers could find only a quantity of blood on the bridge, the body having been removed. Rigorous search for several days failed to reveal the identity of the robbers. Several arrests were made, and the strictest vigilance maintained, but without avail. Another mysterious development was the disappearance of Hardy. He could not be found. However, on the second day the old family physician of the Morris household came panting up the walk in great excitement, and exclaimed to the girl:
"I have found him!"
She turned pale with excitement and joy. "Where is he?" she asked, breathlessly. "Jump into my buggy, and I'll take

menced to cry. Then she kissed Hardy's lifted.

The old man took her home, and she came twice a day to see him, bringing aer tather or mother, and always taking some delicacy, and doing whatever a kind and generous heart could suggest. Gradually he recovered, and as soon as he could be moved he was taken to her home. There he became entirely well. By his patience and gentleness he won the hearts of every one—except the girls. Hers was won already.

Time alipped away. Hardy was established in business by the grateful father. Poor old Tarsntula Joe, who, unacccuntably, seemed to be a great lavorite with the young man, was allowed to sit in the kitchen on the night of the wedding of Sophronia Morris to John Hardy—a brilliant affair, by the way.

A few months ago Hardy was reading the morning paper, when a bright ray of sunshine came in through the door. It was Hardy's wife, the happiest and proudest woman on the Alameda.

"My dear," he said, "have we lived happy these two years?"

"Why, John—what a question?"

"And you have never regretted the persistence of a seedy stranger on Santa Clara street two years and a half ago?"

"I regret nothing, John, and you know it. I didn't know what life was until I met you. But, oh! that was a terrible night, wasn't it, John?"

"Awul!" he cjaculated, with a broad look of mischief in his eyes.

"What makes you look that way, John? You are so provoking?"

"I am a villain, dear."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you remember the robbers?"

"I think I do! They nearly killed you!"

How to Preserve a Carriage.

A prominent carriage manufacturer of Nottingham, England, Mr. Starey, publishes a series of "Useful Hints for the Proper Preservation of a Carriage," from which we quote: A carriage should be kept in an airy, dry coachhouse, with a moderate amount of light, otherwise the colors will be destroyed. There should be no communication between the stables and the coach-house. The manure-heap or pit should also be kept as far away as possible. Ammonis cracks varnish and fades the colors both of painting and lining. A carriage should never, under any circumstances, be put away dirty. In washing a carriage keep out of the sun and have the lever end of the "setts" covered with leather. Use plenty of water, which apply (where practicable) with a hose or syringe, taking care that the water is not driven into the body to the injury of the lining. When forced water is not attainable, use for the body a large soft sponge. This, when saturated, squeeze over the panels, and by the flow down of the water the dirt will soften and harmiessiy run off, then finish with a soft chamois leather and oil-silk hand-kerchief. The same remarks apply to the underworks and wheels, except that when the mud is well soaked, a soft mop, free from any hard substance in the head, may be used. Never use a "spoke brush," which, in conjunction with the grit from the road, acts like sandpaper on the varnish, scratching it, and of course effectually removing all gloss. Never allow water to dry itself on the carriage, as it invariably leaves stains. He careful to grease the bearings of the fore-carriage so as to allow it to turn freely. Examine a carriage occasionally, and whenever a bolt or slip appears to be getting loose, tighten it up with a wrench and always have little repairs done at once. Never draw out or back a carriage into a coach-house with the horse attached, as more accidents occur from this than any other cause. Headed carriages should never stand with the head down, and aprons of every kind should be frequentl

NO. 35.

"When I went back to join the boys and have a good laugh over the affair, and to report progress, this fellow met me, mad as a Turk for spoiling his clothes and nearly breaking his neck. You see, it wasn't on the programme for me to pitch him over. That was going it a little too strong; but I couldn't resist the temptation. Tarantula Joe said I'd have to fight him, as I hadn't done the square thing. We went at it, and he gave me the worst licking a mortal ever had.

laughter.

"Im giad he did—you mean old thing! I wish he had beaten you half to death! Ha! ha! ha! So you wouldn't come into the house because you had no wounds, eh?"

wounds, eh?"

"Precisely."

"And after you did get that thrashing you turned it to account by getting our doctor, I suppose?"

"That's the idea."

She laughed a while, somewhat hysterically, and got up and slapped him, and then threw her arms around his neck and hissed him.

"What did you tell me for, you—

put on too much style, and was black-mailing me outrageously."—San Francisco Arconout.

more rain, and seasons when we didn't have as much. This calls out the shoem maker, who can remember one year when it didn't rain from the twented when it didn't rain from the twented when it didn't rain from the twented he is trying to remember what year it was, the coper titls back his char and asserts that he can distinctly recall a year in the control of the c

In the Winter.

Gaily coasts the gentler sex; In the winter, o'er the sidewalk

All the cedar pennons tips; In the winter, the pedestrian in the winter, on the window

Keenly shines each frosty gem; Leaves his girl at 2 r. M.

In the winter, to the opera C. Augustos Minnie takes; In the winter, Georgiana Blushes o'er the buckwheat cakes

In the winter, silver sleigh-bells Jingle sweetly, mile on mile; In the winter, doth the snow ball Elevate the silken tile.

In the winter, doth the pit

Put some shekels in the bank. In the winter, shrill winds whistle Through the lover's summer nook;

In the winter, there are other Things enough to fill a boos

RUMOROUS.

A good thing to be fast-A button Even the laziest boy can catch a lick-

A noise that can be felt-The brooms The iron horse has but one car-The "Rest assured," said the life insurance agent to his victim.

Every barness-maker leaves traces of his work behind.—Free Press. The man who threw up his employ ment must have been sick of it. What is a rivulet? A small stream. What is an inlet? A small tavern.

the advantage of most emigrants. It brings plenty of characters from its last place. A good whisky sling: Sling the bottle out the window. -Boston Journal of

There is not much danger when it rains "cats and dogs;" but when it Spitz dogs look out. We are told that the doctors are daily

The Archbishop of Philadelphia has received a letter from Cardinal Nina. describing the straitened circumstances of the Pope, and urginz liberal contributions in the shape of Peter's pence.

Mr. Talmage returned from the West with this opinion of dishonest Indian agents: "In the day of resurrection I would rather be a Modoc chief than a plundering United States officer on a reservation." It is reported that the First Baptist church in Philadelphia has a Sunday-school teacher now in the school who has been in it since its organization,

sixty-five years ago. She was then eight years old. Dr. Blaikie, thirly-four years pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Boston, and fifty years a minister, who has left his pulpit, will remain in Boston and edit the Annals of Presbyterianism in New England.

The death is announced of the Rev. John Newton, Jr., M. D., of the Presbyterian mission in Ladia. His aged father, the Rev. John Newton, also a missionary, read the Scriptures and delivered an address at the funeral, which was largely attended by soldiers.

A French journal contains the following statement of the height of the different highest spires and monuments on the globe.

Towers of the Cathedral of Cologue.

Spire of the Cathedral of Rouse.

Tower of St. Nicholas, Hamburg.

Cupola of St. Peter's at Rome.

Spire of Strasburg Cathedral.

Pyramid of Cacops.

Cathedral of St. Stephen's, Vienna.

St. Martin's, Landsthel, Bavaria.

Cathedral of Fribourg. Baden.

Spire of the Cathedral of Antwerp.

Donne of St. Mary's, Florence.

St. Paul's, at London.

Donne of the Cathedral at Milan.

Cathedral of Madebourg.

Tower of Rathhaus, Berlin.

Trinity Church, New York.

The Pantheon, at Paris.

Notre Dame, at Paris.

The Washington Monument is to be...

Have you due